JAN STRNAD and DENNIS FUJITAKE's

DALGODA

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DALGODA

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INTRODUCTION BY JAN STRNAD

Hello, and welcome to the last issue of *Dalgoda*.

I have several announcements this issue, the first of which I've intimated above. Yes, *Dalgoda* is cancelled, but Dal and crew will be back this summer in the brand new four-part series ***Flesh & Bones,*** appearing under the *Upshot Graphics* imprint. In fact, Dal will star in more books in 1986 than in any previous year!

Flesh & Bones will also feature the further adventures of the intrepid Trevor Inchmale, Rentman, as he embarks on his pursuit of the incorrigible BoJeffries in *The BoJeffries Saga* by **Alan Moore** and **Steve Parkhouse** (previewed in this issue).

Next announcement: Fantagraphics is moving its comic book warehouse and will be disposing of its back issues of *Dalgoda* any day now. Issues #1 and #2 are in short supply. . .and they'll *all* be gone soon enough! See the little ad below for details.

And finally, something I should've done long ago but didn't: a special thanks to makeup wizards **Michael Kent** and **Allan Bohannan** for the great job they did on the articulated Dalgoda mask! I got a big, big kick out of seeing Dal come alive. . .even if he did snarl at me!

Thanks to one and all for your support. I'll see you again in ***Flesh & Bones***!

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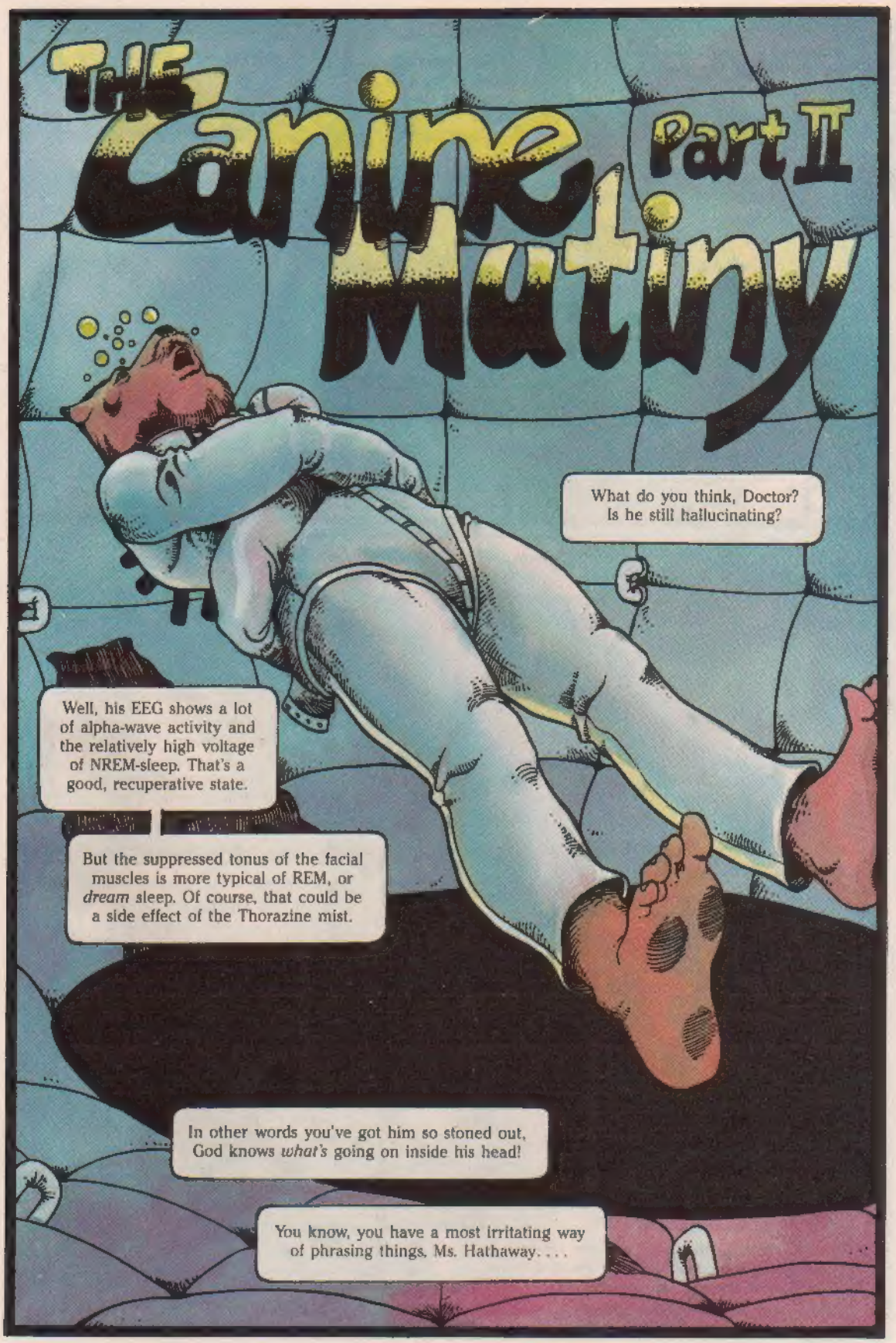

The Canine Mutiny
Part II
What do you think, Doctor? Is he still hallucinating?
Well, his EEG shows a lot of alpha-wave activity and the relatively high voltage of NREM-sleep. That's a good, recuperative state.
But the suppressed tonus of the facial muscles is more typical of REM, or *dream* sleep. Of course, that could be a side effect of the Thorazine mist.
In other words you've got him so stoned out, God knows *what's* going on inside his head!
You know, you have a most irritating way of phrasing things, Ms. Hathaway. . . .

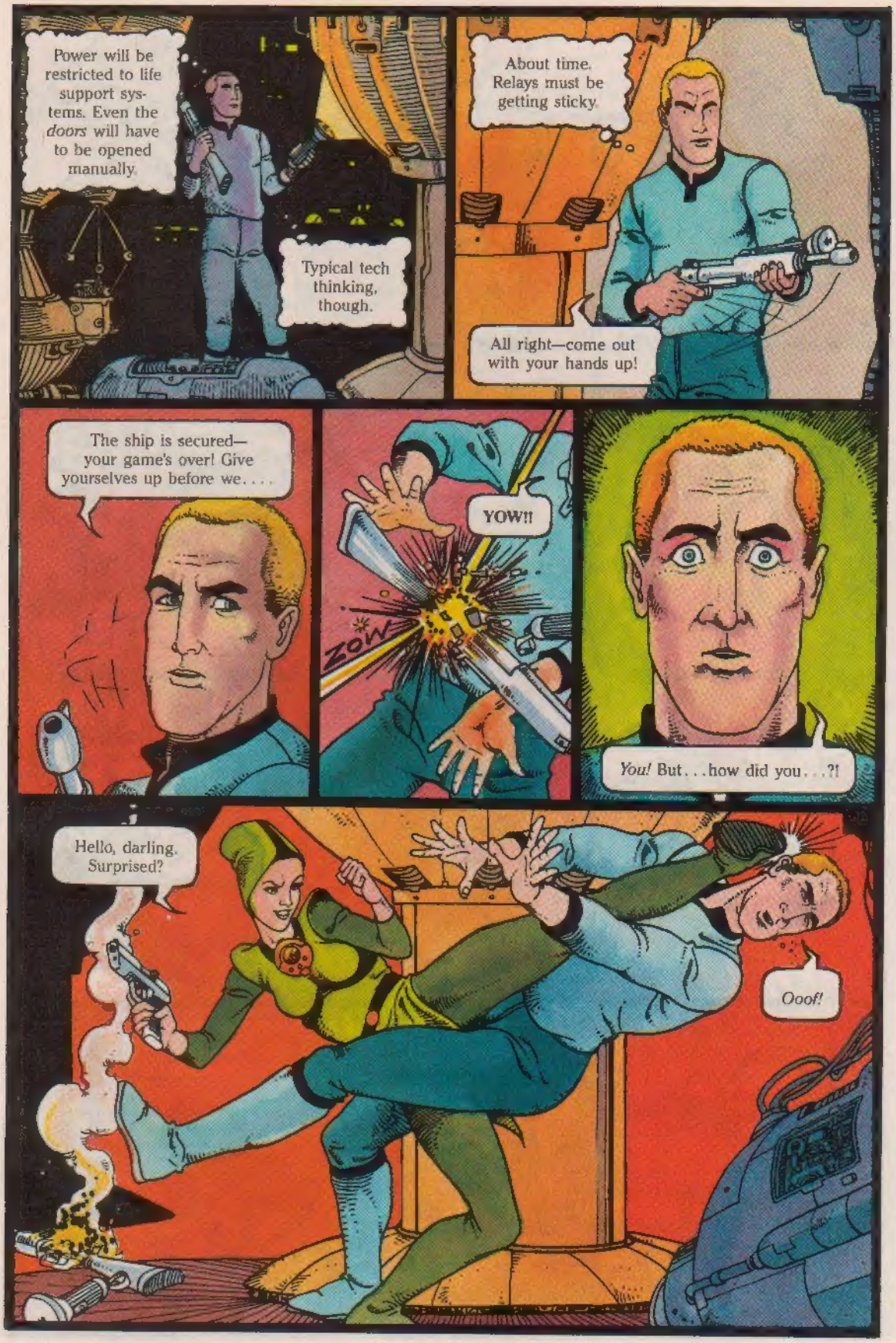
Yeah, well...I don't like the way you're treating Dal like some kind of a loony-tune. He isn't crazy, you know.
He was throwing hysterical fits and screaming about *melting*. The straitjacket and confinement in the Float Room are for his own protection.
Besides, with half the crew suffering dissociative psychoses, our first priority *must* be minimizing disruptive influences ...such as our captain.
So how will you know when he's cured if you keep him on drugs all the time?
Twenty-four hours is a reasonable period of confinement. Dalgoda has a lot of mental readjustment to undergo. The sub-space "overdose" seemed to hit him particularly hard.
And all this craziness is just because we stayed in sub-space too long...?
I just wonder if the effect's cumulative—if we can ever safely enter sub-space again!
So it seems. No new cases were reported after navigator Stark took the initiative to de-warp. She may have saved the sanity of everyone on board.

Bad time for the captain to be laid up. Dal's claim to command was shaky enough to start with.
Now you've got him in a strait-jacket...all doped up! The chain of command's a *shambles* because of the early take-off....
I tell you—a whole lotta *something's* about to hit the fan.
Look, Posey—the petition to depose Dal is legal! The citizens of the Biosphere are reacting to the crisis in a responsible, civilized manner and there's no reason for you to...!
It isn't the *petition* I'm worried about, Albert. Not everybody on this bubble's as civilized as you'd like to think!
A good portion of our "citizenry" wasn't even supposed to be here when we took off, and virtually none of the assigned officers were on board yet. That means....
ORDNANC
AUTHORIZED PERSO
ONLY
DAMN!

Something's jamming the slot! Somebody's tried to force their way into the weapons locker!
SHOOK
We'll have to get Gunner to...*look out!*
Sound...alert! Maintenance techs...stole some handguns!
Said something about... about....
...*mutiny!*
So much for your *petition*, Albert...!
The thing won't be worth *donkey dust* if techs take over the ship!

I hope you can handle a las-rifle...
...'cause you just got *deputized!* Your captain needs you!
Security...Code Yellow! Check all ordnance lockers, seal the Bridge, Computing, and the Float Rooms! Emergency meeting of unit leaders on the Bridge!
COMM
Come on, Trione! Battle stations!
"REM!" "Delta waves!" To hell with that!
Nature abhors a vacuum and a ship hates anarchy!
Somebody's going to try to take your place, Dal, and you've got to be ready for them!

Dal! Snap out of it, buddy! We've got work to do!
Ggrrully!....
Gee, *thanks* lady! Ya just saved us a lotta trouble!
(giggle!)
Okay—Trione's on the bridge...main computer room's sealed off...Gunner's seeing to Dal...Security's prowling the halls....
The only vulnerable spot left is the power station—not that there's much tactical advantage to sabotaging it, but you never....
Shit.
KLIK
Emergency generators'll kick on in a second. Even then, the mutineers have just made it harder for themselves!

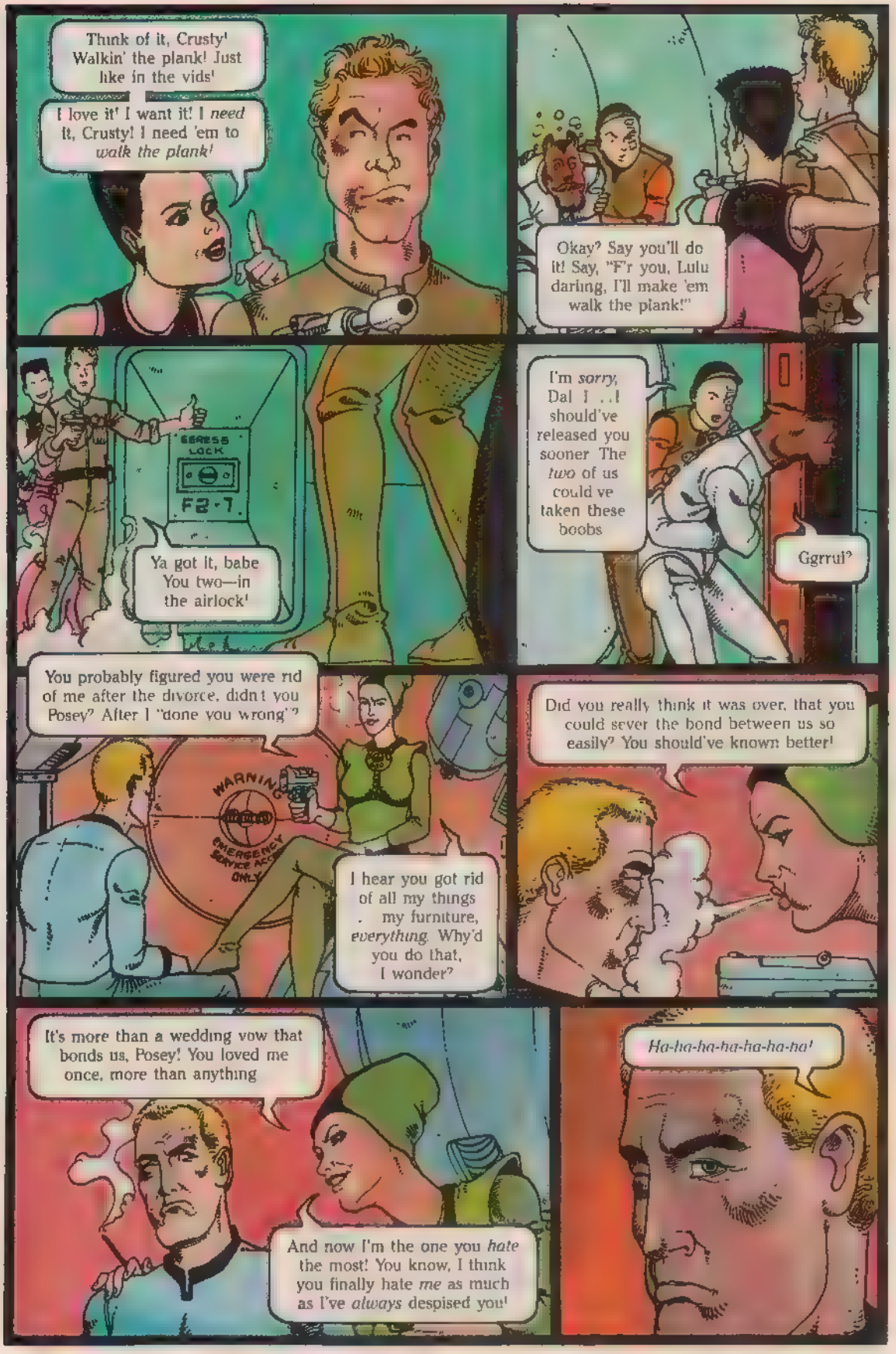

Power will be restricted to life support systems. Even the *doors* will have to be opened manually.
Typical tech thinking, though.
About time. Relays must be getting sticky.
All right—come out with your hands up!
The ship is secured—your game's over! Give yourselves up before we. . . .
YOW!!
ZOW
You! But. . .how did you. . .?!
Hello, darling. Surprised?
Ooof!

I don't know how you got out of lockup, Lenore, but I know who's putting you *back!*
Oh come now, darling. Be serious.
You never *were* much of a fighter!
HYAH!
WOOO!
Uughn!
YAH!
How did you find me, Posey? Pure "ex-husband" instinct?
Didn't...know it was you. I was...looking for mutineers.

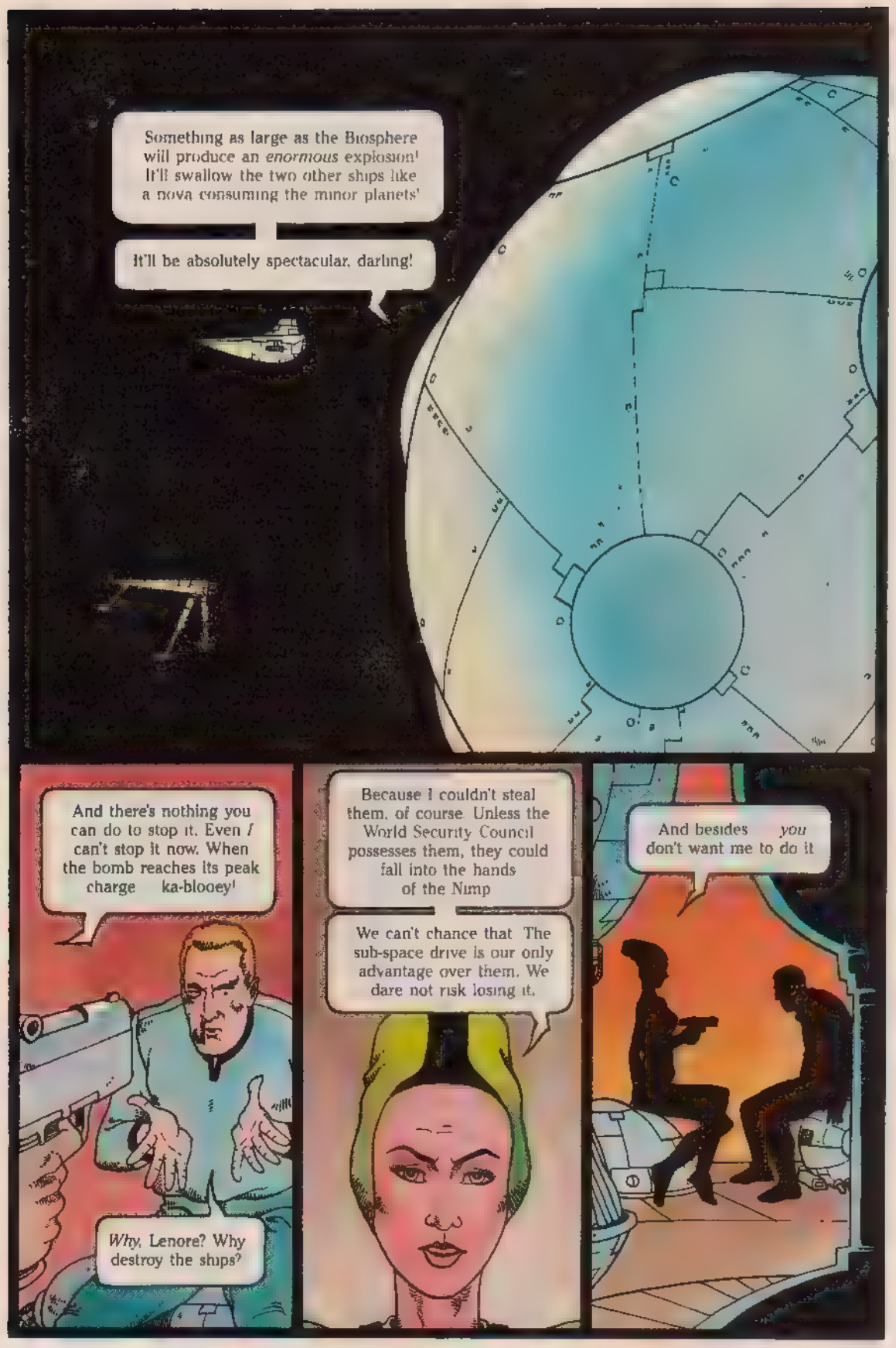
Ah—dumb luck, then I should've known. You never could outmaneuver *me*.
There. No turning back now.
Likt
What do you mean—no turning back?
Can't you guess, darling?
I'm going to blow up the ships!
Move it, ya two! We ain't got all day f'r this!
Ha-ha! Lookit 'em, Crusty! We caught 'em with their pants down, all right!
It's just like the vids, ain't it Crusty? We done everything just like in the vids!
Hey! We oughta put this on a vid! We oughta get a camera and a vid'corder and put some really sluicy juice behind it—I was in a band once I know two chords! It'd be sluicy! Whatya think, Crusty?
I think ya cut ya hair too close to ya brain, is what I think!
Geez, y'r stupid!
Hey! What happen d'the lights?
You shouldn't say those things, Crusty You shouldn't call people stupid.
Everybody freeze! Nobody move 'til the lights come on!

Crusty!
WHOP!
Uuuff
I'll get her Crusty!
Woops
PUNCH
Gaaaa—'
CRUNCH
—aaaa' Kill 'em'
WANG
WHAKKA WHAK WHAP
WHAK WHAK
WHAK WHAK

Uh-oh
Crusty?
WHAK
WHAK
SLURP
Oh – *yech!* Hey! Cut it out!
Sssssssssss
Everybody—*hold it!* Think you're real smart, don't ya? Well
Ya just outsmarted *yaselves*, 'cuz now I'm *pissed* pissed enough ta *kill* ya!
Ooh! Crusty! I just flashed on a sluicy *scene!* Let's make 'em *walk the plank!*


Think of it, Crusty! Walkin' the plank! Just like in the vids!
I love it! I want it! I need it, Crusty! I need 'em to walk the plank!
Okay? Say you'll do it! Say, "F'r you, Lulu darling, I'll make 'em walk the plank!"
EGRESS LOCK
F2-7
Ya got it, babe You two—in the airlock!
I'm sorry, Dal I ..I should've released you sooner The two of us could've taken these boobs
Ggrrul?
You probably figured you were rid of me after the divorce, didn't you Posey? After I "done you wrong"?
WARNING
EMERGENCY SERVICE ACCESS ONLY
I hear you got rid of all my things . my furniture, everything. Why'd you do that, I wonder?
Did you really think it was over, that you could sever the bond between us so easily? You should've known better!
It's more than a wedding vow that bonds us, Posey! You loved me once, more than anything
And now I'm the one you hate the most! You know, I think you finally hate me as much as I've always despised you!
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

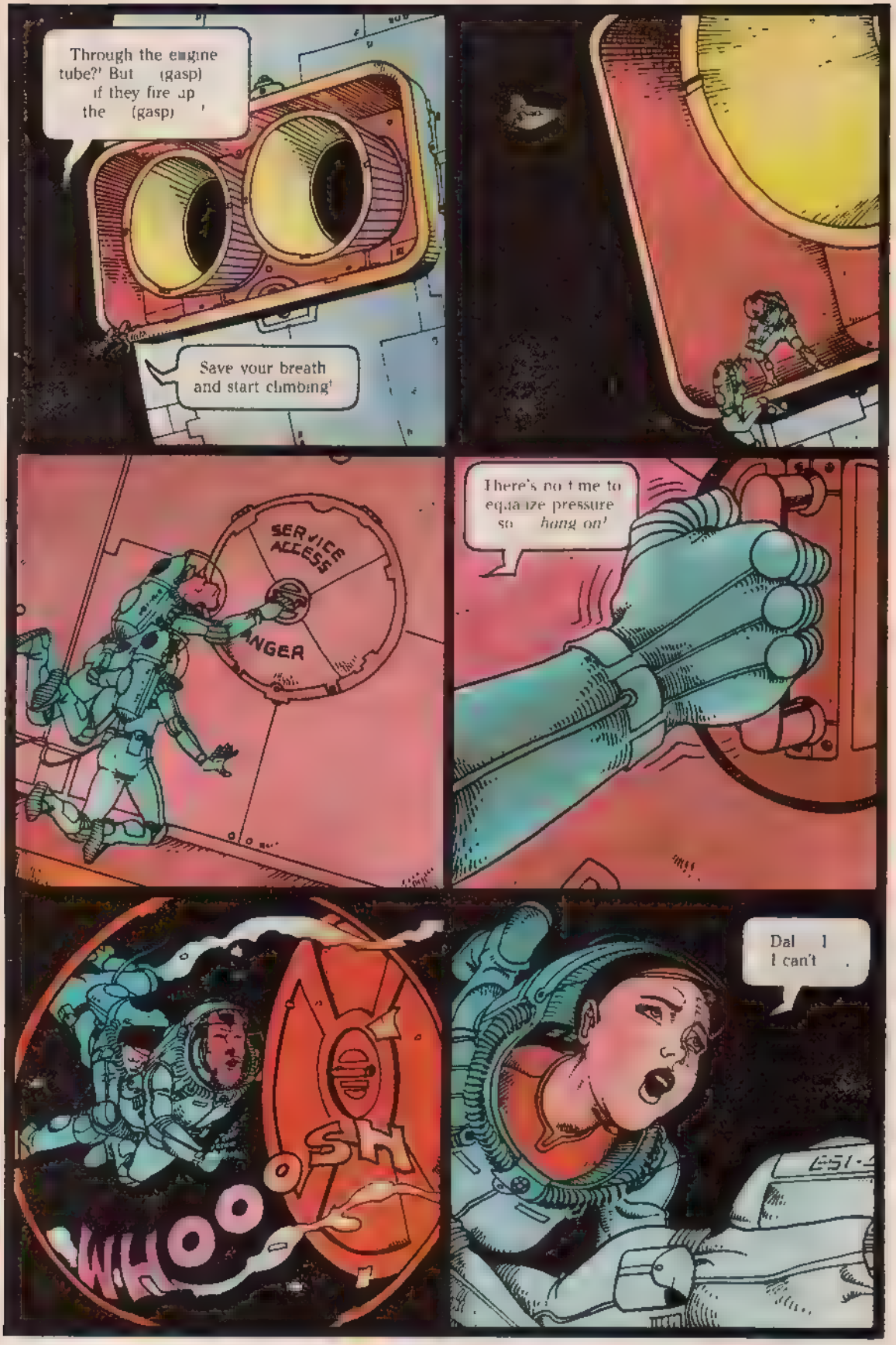
Ha-ha! Oh... my! Look at that, Posey
I laughed so hard, I cried!
Why are you doing this, Lenore? What's this nonsense about blowing up the ships? Why'd you cut the power?
I cut the power so I could remove a power cell for my little harness here. Sexy, isn't it? I like harnesses For certain things.
You never knew that about me, did you?
No. No, of course not. You never were the imaginative sort darling. Truth to tell, that's one reason I found you so godawfully *boring*.
As for my bauble, it's called a "frisson bomb." It excites the atoms of all contingent matter.
Whatever I'm touching when it discharges *adds* to the explosive mass! Whatever I'm touching...goes *boom!*


Something as large as the Biosphere will produce an *enormous* explosion! It'll swallow the two other ships like a nova consuming the minor planets!
It'll be absolutely spectacular, darling!
And there's nothing you can do to stop it. Even *I* can't stop it now. When the bomb reaches its peak charge ka-blooey!
Why, Lenore? Why destroy the ships?
Because I couldn't steal them, of course. Unless the World Security Council possesses them, they could fall into the hands of the Nimp
We can't chance that. The sub-space drive is our only advantage over them. We dare not risk losing it.
And besides *you* don't want me to do it

and then I blacked out. I remember a long, dreamy sleep—I was back on Canida. Then . . I woke up in this spacesuit, waiting for the airlock to open
I guess it's been some trip, huh? You poor kid
What's takin' so long, Crusty? I wanna see 'em walk the plank!
Ya want me t'blast all *four* of us into space, stupid? Is that what you want?
I gotta wait f'r the pressure ta *equalize!* Otherwise the pressure'll blow us out like gas through a goose!
Well why's it takin' so long?
'Cuz we're on emergency power! It takes a long time on emergency power! Geez!
ATMOSPHERES
That's why we haf'ta use the manual lever, right? 'Cause the doors won't open on emergency power!
Right, Crusty? Ain't that right?
DANGER
EXPLOSIVE
Yeah, yeah, Miss Einstein. Now leggo the friggin' handle.
ATMOSPHERES
Okay. *Now* we can open the friggin' door.

G'wan –off with ya
Ha-ha! They're doin' it, Crusty! They're really doin' it!
They're walkin' the plank!
Hey they ain't droppin I wanna see em drop!
They can't drop 'cuz there a.n't no gravity, stupid
But but what if they radio for help? What if somebody picks 'em up?
No chance! They got about two minutes of air apiece! *Nobody* can pick 'em up in the next two minutes!
What's that, Gunner? A gun?
Nope. Just my trusty m.ni-torch.
If I open it up all the way ,
I should get quite a nice little blast out of it. That'll give us some maneuvering power

See?
Give me your hand. We should have just enough *uumph* to get back to the airlock!
They're still repressurizing —got the override locked in. We'll have to wait.
Dal! I...I can't breathe! My . (gasp)...my air's going! I won't make it!
Nonsense! We'll just go in the *back* door!


Through the engine tube?' But (gasp) if they fire up the (gasp) '
Save your breath and start climbing!
SERVICE ACCESS
ANGER
There's no time to equalize pressure so *hang on!*
WHOOOSH
Dad I I can't

Just a few more seconds and we're home free! Get some *air* in here and

Gomer! Wake up! Just a few more seconds

GOMER!

HISSSSSSSSS!

POP

SSSSSSSS

SSSSSSSSSS

SSSSSSSSSSSS

Oh please please

Are we are we home yet Daddy?

Yes. We're home.
Damn! I thought we'd have *gone* by now!
You really don't care that you're going to die, do you, Lenore? Never mind the hundreds of people on board .
You don't even care about your *own* miserable life.
You re really pathetic I feel sorry for you.
Shut up! I don't have to wait for the *bomb* to kill you, you know!
I could shoot you right now . .you ignorant, naive little *bastard!*
WARNING
EMERGENCY SERVICE ACCESS ONLY
KLIK-SKK
What ?
WARNING

DAL! LOOK OUT!

ZOW

Posey! What's going on here??

Dal—hit her! I can't take her by myself!

She's wearing a frisson bomb! It could blow up the whole Biosphere!

UNG-H!

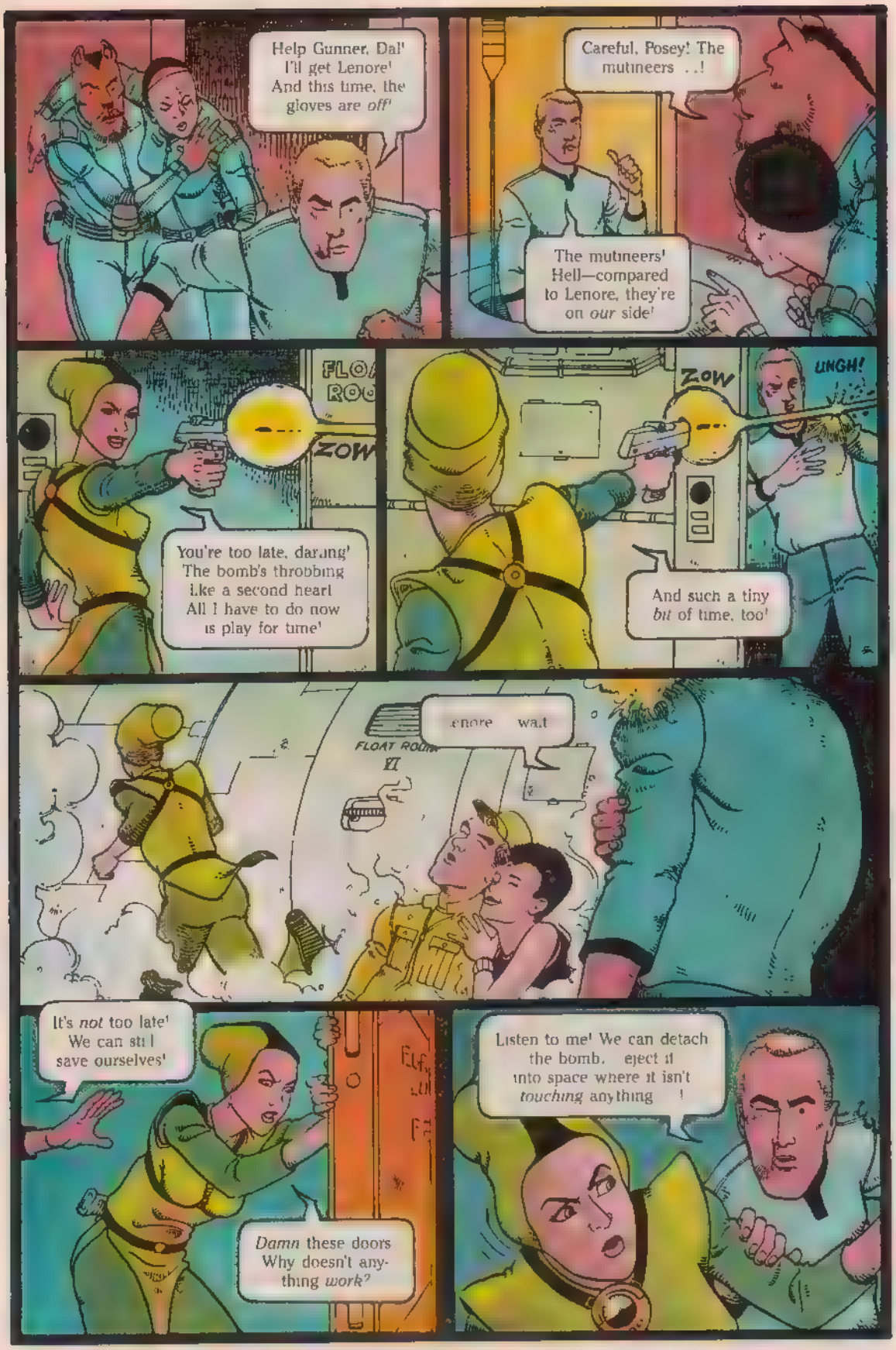
Stay out of this, damn you! This is a *domestic* matter!

Aaaa!

ZOW

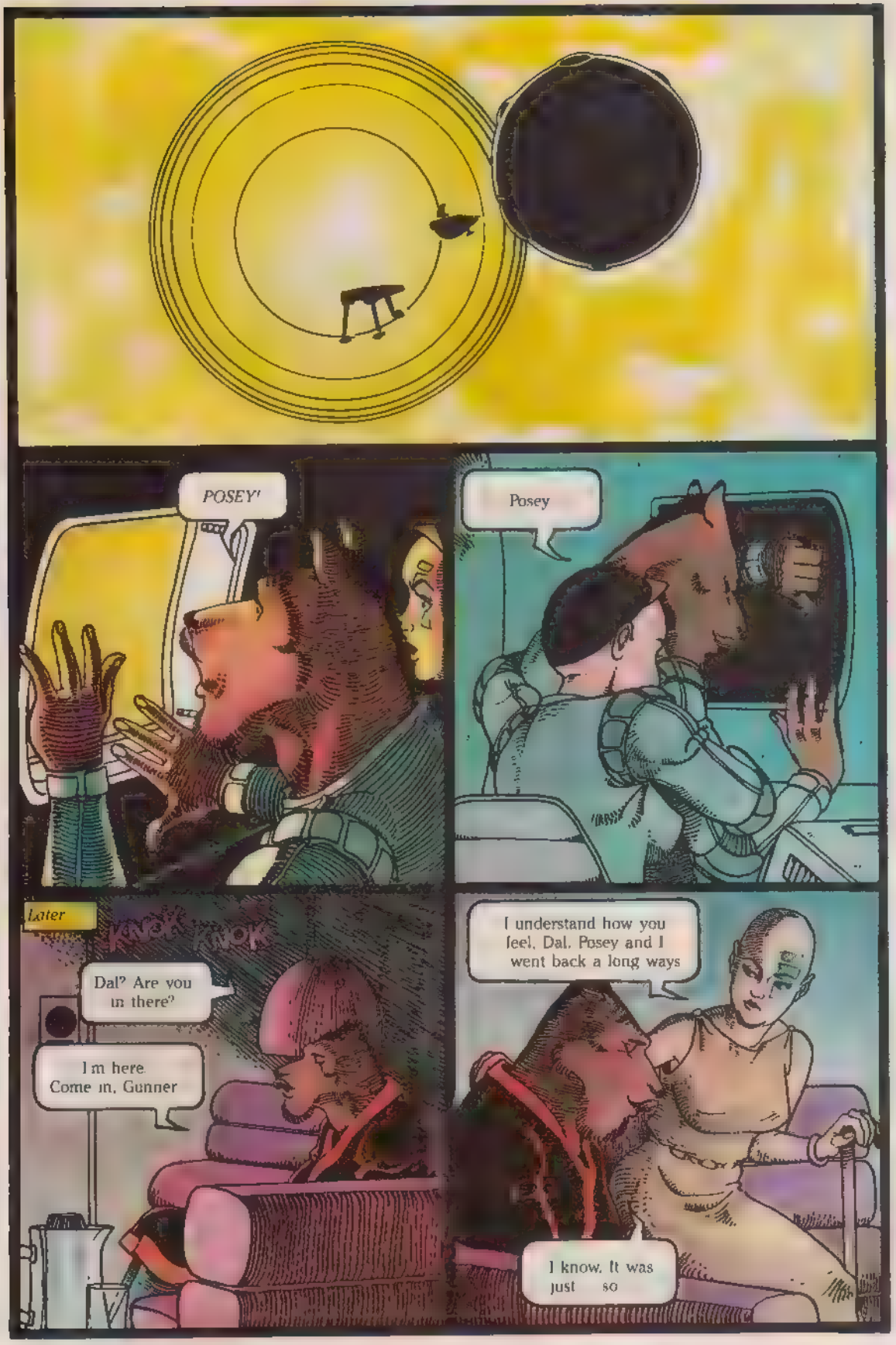
Gunner! Stop her!

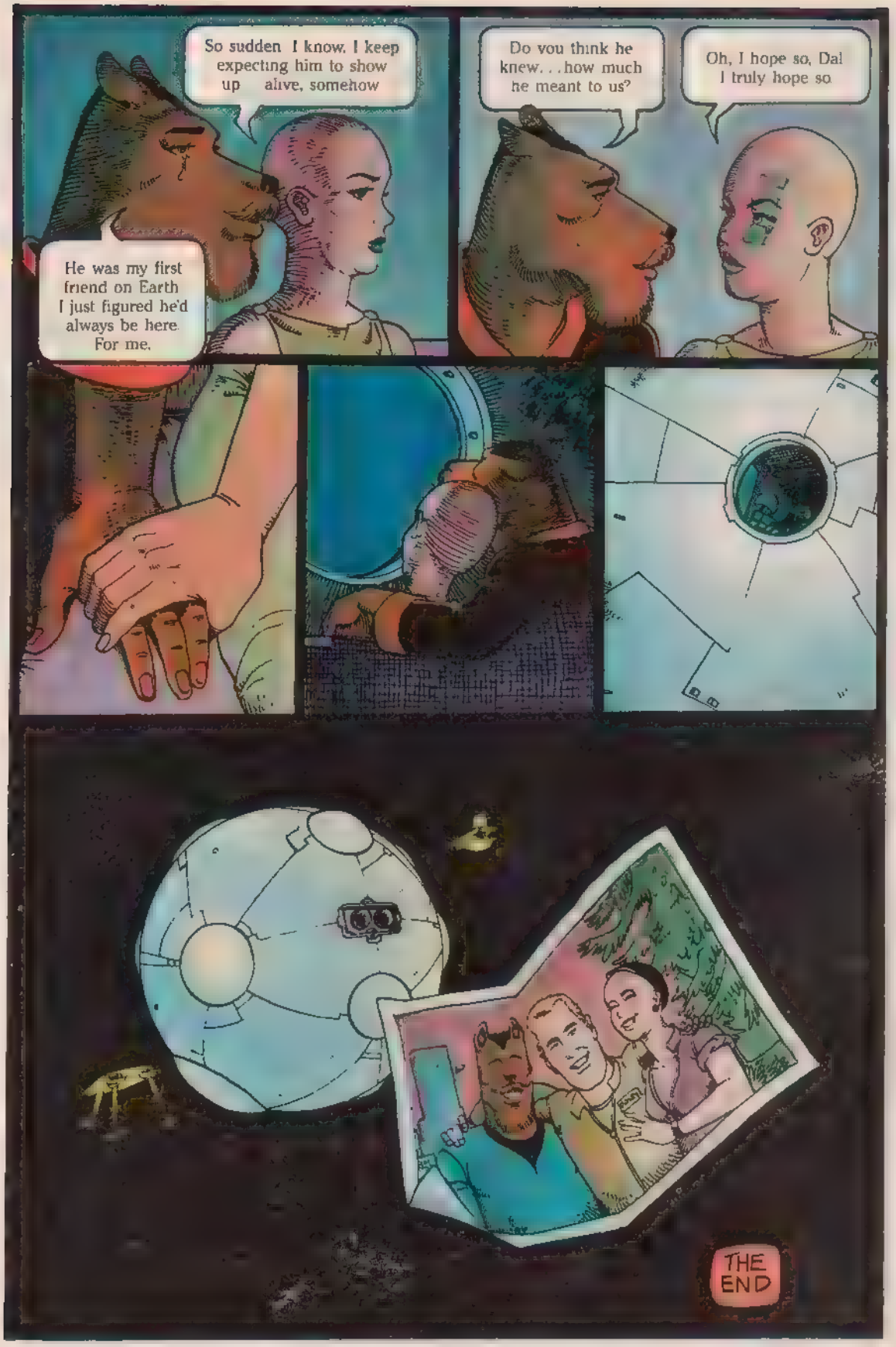
Gunner!


Help Gunner, Dal! I'll get Lenore! And this time, the gloves are *off*!
Careful, Posey! The mutineers . . .!
The mutineers! Hell—compared to Lenore, they're on *our* side!
ZOW
You're too late, darling! The bomb's throbbing like a second heart! All I have to do now is play for time!
ZOW
UNGH!
And such a tiny *bit* of time, too!
FLOAT ROOM VI
Lenore . . . wait
It's *not* too late! We can still save ourselves!
Damn these doors! Why doesn't anything *work*?
Listen to me! We can detach the bomb, eject it into space where it isn't *touching* anything!

it'll explode harmles— OOF!
Don't you ever learn?
I want to die! And I want to take you with me!
That blasted airlock again!
CLICK
SHUNT
She's started to equalize! We can't get in!
POSEY!
THUD
DANGER
CRAK

You miserable wretch . . letting a woman throw you around! You never did have any *gumption!*
You could've *been* somebody! You have the brains! You just never had the *balls!*
You always were the *macho* one
" never had the balls "
DANGER
NO! POSEY! YOU WOULDN'T!
Like they say, darling—*Life's a bitch*
and then you die!
KA-CHUK
EXPLOSIVE


POSEY!
Posey
Later
KNOCK KNOCK
Dal? Are you in there?
I'm here. Come in, Gunner
I understand how you feel, Dal. Posey and I went back a long ways
I know. It was just so


So sudden. I know. I keep expecting him to show up alive, somehow
He was my first friend on Earth. I just figured he'd always be here. For me.
Do you think he knew... how much he meant to us?
Oh, I hope so, Dal. I truly hope so.
THE END

LETTER HOME

Dear Chim

It's night here on the Bosphore. The lights have dimmed in deference to Earth's twenty four hour day cycle and phosphors bathe the halls with a soft blue glow - an imitation of the planet's only moon. I and I should like the Earthlings and the cycle comforting by now, but I'm still on Cantan time, still waking and sleeping according to some immutable inner clock that refuses to accept its alien situation, so I find myself awake at the oddest hours, restless wandering around the corridors and thinking all manner of hazy blue thoughts.

My friend Poses died a few hours ago. Hours counted by silent clocks that don't have the decency to tick, to give some audible warning that the moments of your life are marching away in neat procession. His death came as very suddenly, in a gesture of sacrifice that saved the Bosphore and the other two ships in my command from certain destruction. It all went by so quickly. I hardly knew what was happening before it was over. I'm still trying to convince myself that I'm not mistaken about the whole thing. I can't believe Poses is gone forever, that something so dear to me could be stolen irretrievably, that there isn't something I could do even now, to bring him back.

There is space within me tonight, spit - colder and emptier than the void outside, blacker than the emptiness between the stars. I hold the space inside. Yet I feel somehow afloat in it, weightless, with no true gravity, no point in the horizon on which to fasten my gaze. The space is Poses's absence.

I didn't realize how Poses had become into mine. Not until this. I knew, but more honestly and with more compassion than I had any reason to expect. More tenderly than I deserve. And if Poses did, she, me in the beginning, then it was no more than I used him to achieve my own goals or to try - I've accomplished nothing of what I set out to do.

Poses was a friend to me. I liked and trusted him. He taught me a great deal about the human species. Man, and his womankind. He shared his thoughts with me, confessed his past and confided his dreams, and every day my mind's grip a little closer, as to shaping itself a little more like the other, until it stood in noticing it. Poses became an important part of the inner hall. Without, I made room within myself for a kindred spirit, so comfortably did he nestle with me that I learned to forget he was there.

It seems impossible, with this hollowness echoing inside me, with my empty chest so hushed, so cold, that such a touch that I could overlook such a vital part of my being. But I did - I blinded myself to him, the way we close our senses to every common occurrence, the beating of our hearts, the rush of air through our lungs and blood in our veins, the ceaseless parade of thought and sensation through our nerves - gods! How can we be so oblivious?

How can we be so monumentally unaware of the loved ones whose lives are as much a part of us as our own? We should be forced to change our names to acknowledge every diverse soul that dwells within us, so we become not Polgoda but Poses Tal and Poses-Summer Dal and me, I'm not Polgoda, Poses Tal and Poses-Summer Dal and me. I'm not Polgoda, Poses Tal and Poses-Summer Chim Dal and on and on with every new connection and all names be one unreadable protracted threads that crisscross around us like screams - just to remind us that there is no such thing as a solitary soul that each of us is many - and many times many.

Is this the lesson death teaches us? If so, then what is the moral? To overlook nothing, to appreciate every human trespass, to treasure every quirk, every gesture, every word, every touch, every thought, every sensation, every nuance of our lives as if it might be snatched from our grasp and spirited beyond all hope of recovery? Because this is more than the stop-started wandering of an insomniac mind - it's true? It is the plain and literal truth that nothing is so precious to us that it cannot be lost. Everything we come in contact with vanish up some cosmic escalator our eyes are distracted to disappear without a trace. Forever.

Poses's death has left me with a vast space within myself, but it has made me aware of the many fullnesses that remain. You are one of those fullnesses, Chim, and I'm sorry I never appreciated all you had to offer or all you could mean to me. More than anything, Chim, I want to find you again. More than anything I pray that you and I, time and chance and the gods will let me make up for the moments I've so stupidly wasted.

Until that time I have this letter - made of an indestructible carbon in the still blue of an iridescent night - to remind me to take nothing and no one for granted, to keep steady eye on the common miracles and to be one of the kindred souls ever-diligently close to heart.

I miss you, Chim, very much.

Love from your friend,

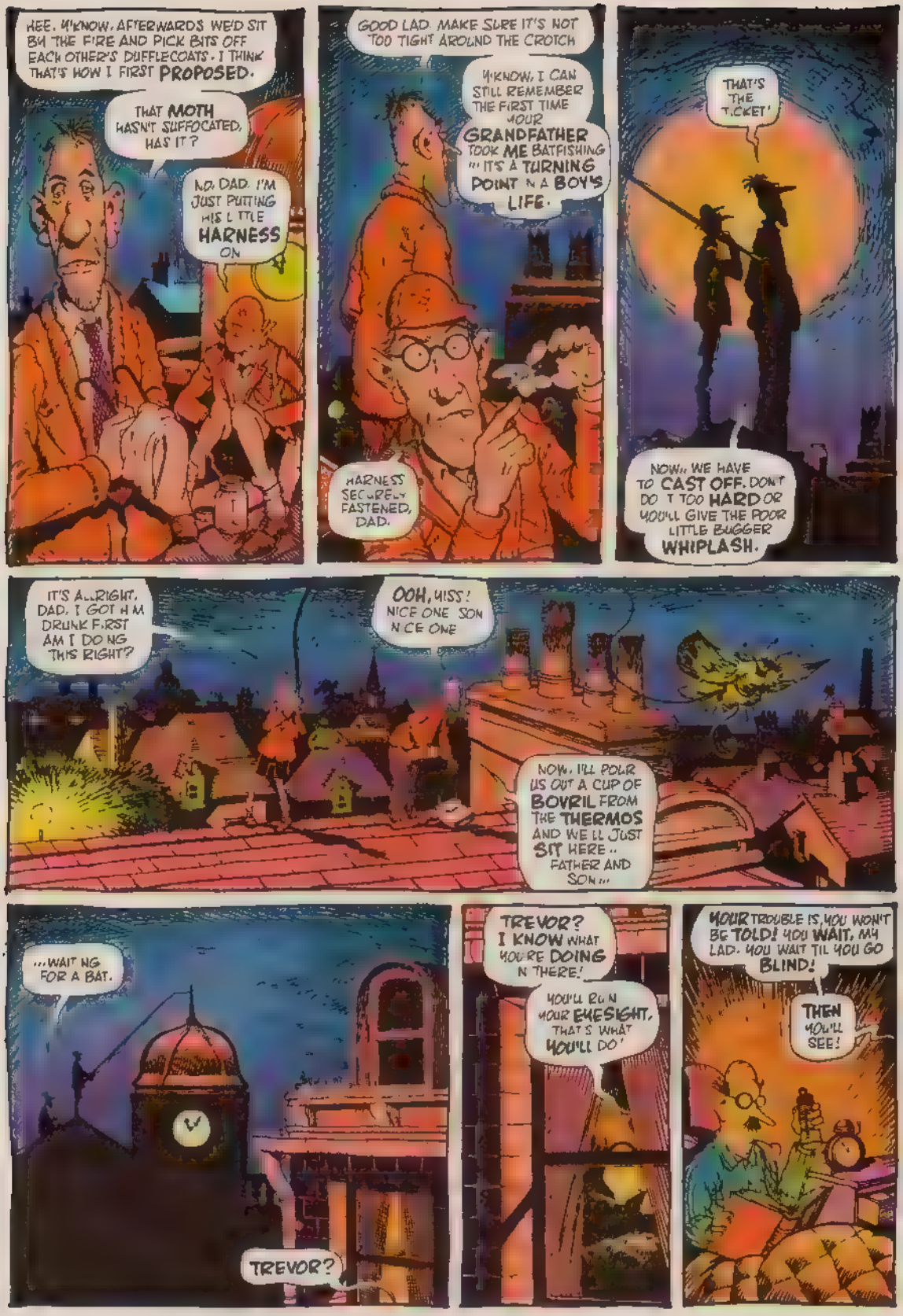
Phil

Children of the Night Tide

two evocative tales of fantasy by Jan Strnad
illustrated by Dennis Fujitake and Tim Solliday

HILDRE, OR THE TIGER [DRAGON] is a 96-page, square-bound graphic album. Black and white interior, color covers. Available from your dealer in March, or send $6.00 (outside U.S. and Canada, $7.50) in U.S. funds to: Kitchen Sink Graphics Books, 1559 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301. The Dragon painting ©1986 Fujitake.

JRK
UFF
DAD?
MURRR
'ANG ON, SON IT'S ME ANGINA HURRR
HURRF. IT'S SUBSIDENCE, Y'KNOW. THESE HURRR ROOVES NEVER USED TO BE AS STEEP AS THIS.
C'MON, SON... LET'S PUL YOU UP. HURRRPP!
DAD, I'M KNEELING IN SOME BIRD POOH.
KNEELING IN IT?
SON, WHEN ME AND YOUR MOTHER WENT BATFISHING DURING OUR COURTIN' DAYS, WE'D COME HOME BLOODY STIFF WITH BIRD POOH! WE COULD HARDLY WALK! AND Y'KNOW WHAT?
THAT WAS HALF THE FUN OF IT
GNN
UUK
The BOJEFFRIES Saga
A PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION BY MR. A MOORE and MR S PARKHOUSE


HEE. H'KNOW. AFTERWARDS WE'D SIT BY THE FIRE AND PICK BITS OFF EACH OTHER'S DUFFLECOATS. I THINK THAT'S HOW I FIRST PROPOSED.
THAT MOTH HASN'T SUFFOCATED, HAS IT?
NO, DAD. I'M JUST PUTTING HIS LITTLE HARNESS ON
GOOD LAD. MAKE SURE IT'S NOT TOO TIGHT AROUND THE CROTCH
H'KNOW, I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOUR GRANDFATHER TOOK ME BATFISHING ... IT'S A TURNING POINT IN A BOY'S LIFE.
HARNESS SECURELY FASTENED, DAD.
THAT'S THE TICKET!
NOW... WE HAVE TO CAST OFF. DON'T DO IT TOO HARD OR YOU'LL GIVE THE POOR LITTLE BUGGER WHIPLASH.
IT'S ALRIGHT, DAD. I GOT HIM DRUNK FIRST AM I DOING THIS RIGHT?
OOH, HISS! NICE ONE SON NICE ONE
NOW, I'LL POUR US OUT A CUP OF BOVRIL FROM THE THERMOS AND WE'LL JUST SIT HERE.. FATHER AND SON...
...WAITING FOR A BAT.
TREVOR?
TREVOR? I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING IN THERE!
YOU'LL RUIN YOUR EYESIGHT, THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL DO!
YOUR TROUBLE IS, YOU WON'T BE TOLD! YOU WAIT, MY LAD. YOU WAIT TIL YOU GO BLIND!
THEN YOU'LL SEE!

WON'T BE A MO, MOTHER. JUST READING A RATHER INTERESTING COLLECTION OF COUNCIL RENT RECORDS FROM THE LATE EIGHTEEN EIGHTIES.
RENT, RENT RENT! TREVOR, WHY CAN'T YOU BE LIKE MRS. GUTCHIN'S ELDEST?
HE'S ON DRUGS.
ACTUALLY, IT'S VERY EXCITING. I'VE UNCOVERED A TENANT WITH RENT ARREARS DATING BACK ALMOST A CENTURY.
YOU'LL DATE BACK ALMOST A CENTURY IN A MINUTE! I'LL ALMOST A CENTURY YOU IF YOU DON'T TURN THAT TORCH OUT!
HAHHH!
VERY WELL, MOTHER. AFTER ALL, WE'RE ONLY TALKING ABOUT ARREARS TOTALLING A POSSIBLE THIRTY TWO THOUSAND POUNDS!
CLIK
TREVOR, IF YOU'RE NOT ASLEEP IN FIVE MINUTES I SHALL SEND FOR A POLICEMAN TO COME AND TELL YOU OFF!
ALLRIGHT, MOTHER. I'M TURNING IT OFF. NIGHTY NIGHT.
THIRTY TWO THOUSAND POUNDS IN ARREARS...
TCH.
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING IN MY PYJAMAS.
DAD?

DAD, I THINK I'VE GOT ONE!
BLOODY HECK! BLOODY HECK, YOU HAVE AN' ALL!
REEL IT IN, LAD, REEL IT IN!
EH, BUT THIS IS GRAND! THIS IS WHAT ENGLAND'S ALL ABOUT! FAMILY TRADITIONS PASSED ON FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION, LIKE THE MONARCHY...
IT'S COMING, DAD. HOW DO WE LAND IT?
YOU LEAVE THAT TO ME, LAD. THERE'S A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG OF LANDING BATS.
IT'S NO GOOD TRYING TO TALK THEM INTO COMING DOWN OR OFFERING THEM MONEY. YOU JUST TAKE 'EM OUT OF THE AIR AND REMOVE THE HOOK WITHOUT GETTING BITTEN...
"...AND THEN YOU BASH THEIR LITTLE HEADS IN ON A CHIMNEY POT.
WOP
AFTER THAT, THEY'RE NOT MUCH GOOD, SO YOU CHUCK 'EM AWAY. THAT'S THE WAY THIS FAMILY'S FISHED FOR BATS SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL.
HISS, BUT...
WELL, WHAT'S THE POINT, EXACTLY?
DRINK YOUR BOVRIL, SON.
THE NIGHT WORE ON, AND A FINE DRIZZLE OF IRONIES IN THE SMALL HOURS LED TO A BOUT OF SERIOUS EVENTS JUST BEFORE MORNING. ALL THE NEXT DAY THERE WERE SCATTERED CIRCUMSTANCES, AND THAT'S HOW IT WAS IN ENGLAND.
PARK HOUSE '85

THE BOJEFFRIES SAGA COMMENCES NEXT ISSUE.

LETTERS

Dear Jan Strnad,

When *Dalgoda* first came out I decided that my budget could live without buying it. Later when I read rave reviews, I still was not incited to buy. After reading the Nov. 22 *Comics Buyer's Guide*, though, I decided it was time to buy *Dalgoda*. I originally held off from reading the preview. After a while, though, knowing that it was there in my *CBG* I succumbed to the temptation and read it. I enjoyed the story and thinking about how much guts it took both you and the *CBG* to make this move I decided that I should respond in kind. I went to the Closet of Comics on the following day and bought issues one through six. A few moments ago I checked off the *Dalgoda* entry on my Westfield Comics order form.

This weekend I read the first six issues in one sitting. It was a fun experience. A while ago I decided that *Zot!* gave me the most entertainment per page of any comic that I had read, but now *Dalgoda* comes close. There is so much there. I love the humor and the fact that you are not trying to blow us over with every page. It comes in bits and pieces, and works best when we don't expect it. The sight gags are also quite nice. In issue number six, page six, was it your idea or Dennis's to have the "see no evil, say no evil, hear no evil" gag? It was a bit of added humor in a humorous situation. All of your characters are multidimensional, and I also like the way that you can feel the expressions of the characters through Dennis's artwork. The only thing that disappointed me about the six issues was that the sixth one ended on such a downer.

As for *Grimwood's Daughter*—I loved the art, but it, too, was quite a downer. Pride bringing on death. Quite sad. Still I am glad to have had the experience of reading it.

At the end of issue six in the letters column you mention that you might be making *Dalgoda* come out more frequently. I do not know if that is such a good idea. First of all I would not want the quality to suffer. Second, I don't know if enough readers would support the change. Coming out bi-monthly puts a lot less strain on the budget than coming out monthly. Nevertheless, you have me for the duration of the series.

One further comment: I like the layout of the covers. I am very glad not to see any word balloons or extra clutter.

Neil A. Otterstein
Adelphi, MD

Sorry that issue #6 was such a downer for you. Bet this issue cheered you right up, huh? I don't normally set out to depress my readers but my own life has been so utterly miserable in the last few months that it's colored my writing. I'll try to be more cheerful in the future. For example, I've already deleted a sequence in which Gunner's pet kitten drowns.

The new Dalgoda *mini-series,* Flesh & Bones, *might appear on a monthly schedule. This would entail a brief hiatus while we get ahead on the production schedule, but there should be no drop in quality. As for those readers whose budgets are strained by buying* Dalgoda, *I have the following remedy: quit buying Marvel comics. (Just a suggestion.)* —Jan

Dear Jan,

I feel guilty about not having written to *Dalgoda* before, having thoroughly enjoyed the book since the first issue, but better late than never. Issue #6 finally found its way over here last week, giving us the conclusion of the first storyline. Dalgoda proved to be as human as the rest of us, as the dejection in the last couple of pages shows. Gone was the black if naive sense of humor that has contrasted so well with the more cosmic aspects of the story, although there were some delightful lighter moments earlier—the smoke pouring out of the teleprompter and "Thank you and good afternoon," and the tune on page 15.

Overall, the series has exhibited a high standard of both writing (love *Sword of the Atom*, Jan) and art. How far ahead does Dennis work? I notice this issue's cover is dated 1984. The colors are well suited to the paper, and I think the typesetting of the dialogue is a great idea. It's all well worth the price.

As far as *Grimwood's Daughter* goes, I've had difficulty following the story, mainly I think because the segments have been so short (yes, I'll go re-read it all), so all I've been doing is admiring the drawing.

Malcolm Bourne
London, England

Dennis draws Dalgoda *covers well in advance of the book itself, usually before the actual script is written. He works from a brief story synopsis or a scene description written by me, or he just makes something up. (Covers are done first because we use them to publicize the book.)* —Jan

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